

The Sacrifice

by Christy986

Category: Animorphs
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 1999-10-09 09:00:00
Updated: 1999-10-09 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:11:32
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 4,058
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Marco's greatest dream, yet his worst nightmare has returned...

The Sacrifice

> <meta name="ProgId"> The Sacrifice

The Sacrifice

Prologue

Narrated by Marco

My name is Marco. One of the six nameless kids battling to save the world. Caught in a war where you destroy the evil and slaughter the innocent like they were one. Where every time you take down an enemy, a person, still full of hope on being freed someday, dies as well.

This is the kind of war we are fighting. Full of secrets and hate and sorrow. My mom was one of them. Not just any little, insignificant controller. The Yeerk in her head was one of the most powerful in the galaxy.

I destroyed her. I murdered my own mother to achieve my goals. I destroyed her pure, untainted soul along with the evil genius of Visser one. I erased all hope of her ever being reunited with her family again.

There's the slim possibility of her being alive. We never really found her body after she fell. But I could only hopeâ€¦|

Chapter 1

Narrated by Marco

"Hi everybody." Erek greeted cheerfully as he strolled into the barn.

"What's up?"

I narrowed my eyes. Something's wrong. EreK is being too perky.

"Hi EreK. Is something wrong?" Cassie asked softly. She too, had noticed it.

"Nah, everything's fine." EreK replied, grinning a big, fake grin. "Wellâ€almost everything." He looked at me, looking more nervous than I've seen him look. I questioned him with my eyes.

EreK signed. "There's no other way to say this." He took a deep breath.

"You look like you are about to give the Oscar-" I started to joke.

"Your mom is back, Marco." EreK interrupted.

My mouth dropped open. "Wha- What?" I stammered.

"Your mother. She's back. On earth." EreK continued haltingly.

I could never describe the emotions that I felt at that very moment. I was shocked, of course. Horror, panic, nervousness, disbelief, and fear swelled up all at once.

And joy. Pure joy. Joy at the fact that she's alive.

"Marco?" Jake called. I turned around to face him, my mouth somewhere between a gasp of horror and a wide grin. "Marcoâ€uhâ€" Jake searched desperately for something to say.

I saw their faces. They were all staring at me with pity. Waiting to see how I would react.

How should I react? I don't know! But they were practically breathing down my neck, alert for the tiniest twitch.

Silence.

"Well?" Rachel broke the quiet.

"Well what?" I played dumb.

"What do you think?" She asked impatiently.

"I justâ€I don't know! I can'tâ€"

"It's okay, Marco. We understand." Cassie told me comfortingly.

"How CAN you? How do you know what I'm -" I broke off and darted outside.

"Marco!" Rachel yelled.

"Let him go."

I ran.

Chapter 2

Narrated by Marco

I gasped for breath and tried to stop my brain from whirling. I concentrated on the steady rhythm of my sneakers hitting the pavement.

A light rain started drizzling. The world slipped away. All I could hear was the thump of my shoe and my mother's scream when she plunged into nothingness. I saw the blur of the bug fighter as it zipped toward my mother's falling shape. Could it really be? Had my wish come true?

I stumbled and fell on my knees. I didn't try to get up. "Momâ€¦" I whispered. I touched my cheek. It was damp.

Just the rain. I told myself.

I knew I was lying.

* * * * *

Narrated by Rachel

"Do you think he'll be okay?" Tobias asked quietly, standing awkwardly in the barn in his human morph. His face was blank and devoid of expressions, but he's just as troubled as the rest of us.

"Of course not. But there's nothing we can do about it either." Cassie replied, her brow furrowed worriedly.

"At least you won't have as much trouble saving her as the last time. A new Yeerk of a lower rank had been assigned to her. Visser Oneâ€¦the former Visser One is currently being held as a traitor." Ereka cut in. I jumped, almost forgetting that he was still there.

"We need to do something about this." Jake decided. "Now that she's no longer Visser one it would not attract as much attention if she disappeared. We could save her."

"Without Marco?" I interrupted, alarmed that -

Jake sighed helplessly. "What choice do we have? Even if we try to stop him, he'll make it there alone. Marco is coming along with us. Let's just hopeâ€¦" He didn't continue. Didn't need to. What happens if Marco loses control is too horrible to think aboutâ€¦

Chapter 3

Narrated by Jake

"You want to hitch-hike on my shoulder as flies?" Ereka asked incredulously.

"Yeah, and you have to move fast before the Gleet BoiFilter could destroy us." Marco said. The emotionless expression was overdone on

his face as he talked in the carefully tuned, even voice that's way to unnatural from his usual light tone. "This would just be a spy trip. No violence involved at all, so you don't have to worry about having to protect us and risk blowing your cover."

Erek shrugged. "Sure, I'll help."

Cassie and I exchanged a glance. This is it. A spy mission and a pre-test for Marco in preparation for the big one. Can he stand up to his mother's image which he faced for most of his life and still treat her as the enemy?

Half an hour laterâ€|

"We are walking through the McDonald entrance nowâ€|" Erek told us. There was a flush of warm air.

"We are in. Now walking toward the fridge."

Food! All around me! I have to fight the fly's instincts to jump off and feast.

Let me guess. We are in the fridge. Rachel said with a laugh.

"Yes."

Here comes the infamous BoiFilter. Marco muttered. Get ready.

SCREET! SCREET! SCREET! The alarm blared. I jumped in terror. Everything depends on Erek now!

"Warning. Unauthorized DNA discovered. Please close your eyes to protect from the damage-"

Sudden movement! I had to fight to stay in the same place. Erek was running as fast as he could toward the stairs. And he was very fast.

Not far behind us, there was a burst of light that barely missed us.

"Whew. That was close." Erek exclaimed. "Descending the stairsâ€|"

I could feel the air grow humid. Then a warm breeze touched my feelers. "We're in." Erek said.

Thanks for the ride. Christy said as we flew off his shoulder. Could you see Visser- I mean, Marco's mom?

"Ummâ€|yeah! Keep going at a straight angle and turn left after about two minutes." Erek instructed. We buzzed off, trying to stay unnoticed. Which was easy, since controllers don't really care about flies once they lose their human characteristics. But the, there's still the blood thirsty Taxxons, of course. A throat that didn't exist clenched.

Human voices reached us as senseless vibrations. Fortunately, we've learned how to translate them into actual human language. Wasps of

conversations drifted pastâ€|

Mom!

Her?

Yes. That's her voice.

I turned with the agility of the fly and perched onto the source of the voice. I clutched onto a rough fabric. Five other flies landed near me.

" â€" host is suffering from the human condition known as amnesia, but I am very certain that she remembers something from the past. Something that is very important, to her as well as to us." The voice continued. "Something from the battle with Visser three, perhaps."

Oh my god. We got lucky! Tobias exclaimed. She doesn't remember. Yet.

"It's my decision to take her to the scene of the fight to trigger her memory. Reports have shown that this disease could be remedied by bringing something that is familiar to the human." The Yeerk said.

"Are you sure that is necessary?" A far-off voice questioned.

"I'd do anything to uncover that secret which the host had pushed deep into her mind. It was almost like she was trying to keep it from us."

"Very well then. I'll make the arrangements. Tomorrow?" The faint voice said.

"Tomorrow." The Yeerk in Marco's mother confirmed.

We've heard enough. Let's go.

Chapter 4

Narrated by Marco

We went to the mountains the next day. They didn't want to let me come along, but I insisted. There's no way I'm going to miss out on this.

I didn't use my mountain goat morph again. I wanted it to be different this time, if you catch my drift.

But even as I leapt gracefully across the widest crevices in the extremely capable rock wallaby morph which I had acquired right after we got out of the Yeerk pool, I couldn't help but to get the feeling of dread. Like it was all about to happen again.

She knew it was me. Through some desperate urge for survival, for MY survival, she had managed for forget. But sooner or later she would remember and give all she knew to the Yeerk, who could read her mind like a book. And when she doesâ€|if she's not already rescued by that timeâ€|we'd have to destroy her. Both Yeerk and my mother. Just the

thought sent shivers of fear up my spine. I didn't know how much more of this I could take.

When will they be here? I asked for the tenth time.

It had been sixteen seconds since you last asked, Marco. Ax said gently as he jumped beside me delicately, also as a rock wallaby.

There's plenty of time to reach the top, find a good hiding place, and hide. Jake assured me.

My friends made small talk for the next fifteen minutes. I was lost in my own thoughts.

Its weird. I feel like we are missing someone here. Cassie murmured.

Oh. She said a while later, embarrassed.

I avoided the nine pairs of eyes that suddenly trained on me. She meant me, of course. I was not there to throw snide remarks at Rachel or confuse Ax with my sense of humor.

They left me alone for the rest of the journey. We reached the place where the fight had taken place and demorphed, keeping a sharp lookout. The burn marks were faint, but still visible. I could see the wide crack that had been made when the blade ship fired. And over it, on that separate piece of rock, the exact spot where my mother had fallen.

I shuddered from the memory. It was still vivid in mind.

They are coming! Tobias yelled from the air. I see them!

My throat tightened. I was about to be face-to-face with my mom again.

"Battle morphs?" Cassie asked tersely, rubbing her arms and shivering. It was especially windy on the mountaintops.

"Tobias, how many are there?" Rachel asked.

Five Hork-Bajirs, and three humans, includingâ€|her. Tobias called down.

"We need at least one person to keep a lookout. The rest of us go into battle morphs and sprint for cover." Rachel instructed, before Jake could speak.

"Who made you the leader?" I mumbled, just looking for someone to ease my frustration and nervousness. "Your wild plans are going to get us all killed."

Rachel, who was already fully demorphed, whipped around to face me. "At least I didn't destroy my own mother." She sneered.

It was totally unexpected, a remark that just made its way out of her mouth before she could stop it. Her eyes widened in shock as she opened her mouth, possibly going to apologize.

Before she could utter her next word, I had knocked her onto the rocky ground.

"What did you say?!?" I shouted in a blinding rage, pressing her down. For once, she couldn't overpower me.

"Knock it off!" Jake yelled. "Right now!"

"What. Did. You. Say." I repeated coldly. I was prepared to smash her face in with the next thing my hand came in contact with.

Jake tried to pull me off. I wrenched free from his hands. "Get lost! This is none of your business!" I shrieked at him.

A hand touched my arm gently. I turned around.

"Let her go, Marco." Cassie said softly, her dark eyes understanding as she looked at me steadily. "Your mom's on her way up here right now. We need to morph."

Panting heavily, I loosened my grip on Rachel's throat and stood up. Sweat poured down my forehead. I took a deep breath and concentrated on the gorilla morph I had done so many times.

Are you sure you want to be in the battle? Rachel asked carefully, already half-way morphed. She looked at me as if she wanted tell me it was okay, but then changed her mind. Instead, she extracted her grizzly claws and swiping at the air in fast, fluid motions, testing it out and avoiding my eyes.

Yes. I want to. And I will. I said determinedly.

They should be up in exactly about 10 seconds. Tobias informed us.

Hide. Wait until they get far enough so that we can block any way of exit. Jake told us. He looked at me with his intense golden eyes. You need to control yourself. An outburst like that can't happen again if you want to save your mother.

What a perfect line for the leader to say. Put my mother on the line, and I'll be listening to his every command, I thought bitterly.

I lumbered over behind a huge rock that jutted out from the ground. Ax, Rachel, Jake, Cassie and I were all hidden from view. Tobias circled us above. Nobody spoke. Nobody even breathed.

A Hork-Bajir stepped into view. It looked around cautiously for a few seconds, and then stepped aside.

And she emerged.

Chapter 5

Narrated by Marco

My mother was dressed in a white blouse and baggy jeans, her long dark hair was pulled back into a soft ponytail. Her lovely face was calm as she glanced around.

I had to resist the urge to demorph at top speed and rush into her arms just like I had done so many years ago, back when everything was simple and true. Before she became a victim in this awful war.

"So, this is the place?" She asked in her familiar, musical voice.

"Yes. Place of the battle." A Hork-Bajir replied.

"This host still refuses to remember." She said thoughtfully. "Perhapsâ€¦if I leave her for a whileâ€¦"

It took my mind a few seconds to grasp that she's suggesting. Then my whole world froze in shock.

It's going to leave her! She's going to be free, if only for a few minutes!

That should save us the trouble of keeping her locked up for three days. Ax observed.

"But-" The guy with her started to say.

"I've decided. It would just be for a while. I will be okay." My mother's Yeerk snapped. "You two, hold me in place. This host is a fighter."

For some strange reason I felt proud when I heard that.

The two Hork-Bajirs held her gently. Slowly, a silver of gray flesh emerged from my mother's ear. More of it oozed out, almost like some sort of liquid.

The guy held out his hand, allowing the slug to drop onto it.

My mother's face contorted in pain and agony immediately. The horror she had endured all those years showed on her face. "NOOOO!" She wailed, struggling wildly like a trapped animal. The Hork-Bajirs tightened their grip and held her frail body in place easily.

"Let me go!" She screamed, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Give me back my life!"

I felt her pain as if it was my own. No. I whispered in horror. My breath caught in my throat. Such drastic change came over her in barely two seconds. The hysterical woman I am looking at is my true mother.

"That rock over there. Is that the place of her fall?" The man questioned, eyeing my mother's struggling form without emotion. Now that my mother's Yeerk was gone, he's the most powerful one around here. His voice took on a note of command that didn't exist when he was around her.

"Yes sir." The Hork-Bajir answered.

"Take her over." The man commanded coldly.

One of the Hork-Bajirs wrapped an arm around my mother's slim waist

and jumped over easily. The other one followed. Together, they dragged her to the edge of the cliff.

"Nooo!" She shrieked when they leaned her over, so that her upper body was suspended in midair, staring down at the rocks miles below. "Nooo!"

The Hork-Bajirs loosened and tightened their grip, teasing her. "Don't move. You don't want us to drop you." One of the sneered.

My mom's body went limp. "No. No. No!" She whimpered helplessly over and over again, visibly trembling and trying to turn away from the sight. Her mouth opened in a tortured, soundless scream when the Hork-Bajirs twisted her neck, forcing her to look.

I stood up, seething with fury. The human controller spun around. He gasped when his gaze fell on me.

I rushed toward him. A Hork-Bajir jumped in my way. I sank my huge gorilla fist into its stomach with every ounce of the strength I had in my arms. It went down. Hard.

The human tried to run. I caught up with him easily, grabbed his collar, and lifted him up.

"Andalite filth!" He stared at me angrily. I plucked the Yeerk out from his grasp and squashed it in my fist. Now the human controller was no longer angry. He was just scared.

"Please please don't kill me!" He stammered.

"Help me!" My mother screamed from the other side. I tossed the human controller away and rushed for her. The two Hork-Bajirs which were holding on to her yanked her away from the cliff absentmindedly and came for me.

She cried out when she fell. I was running toward the Hork-Bajirs, but my eyes were fixed on my mother, who had curled into a tiny ball and was clutching her head like she had a terrible headache. Her whole body heaved with each sharp gasp of breath.

I'm coming, mom. I'm coming for you.

I leapt and landed heavily on the other side. I rolled for a short distance. When I looked up, two Hork-Bajirs were towering above me. No time to get up!

"HUUUUROOOAAR!" A tiger leapt onto one of them! I rolled away and kicked at the other one's knee. You had no idea how powerful a gorilla's hind leg might be unless you experienced it. Then again, those who experienced it could not have survived to tell the others.

"Ahhh!" It screamed when I heard the "crunch". I jumped up and shoved my elbow into its chest. It groaned and fell to the ground, unconscious.

The gorilla bellowed in victory. Hork-Bajir blood ran down the cracks on the ground. Cassie was bending over an unmoving form, Rachel was holding a bladed arm in her teeth and Jake was savagely attacking the

Hork-Bajir he had taken. I momentarily forgot about the guy I had thrown. A big mistake.

"Die, Andalite!" A far-off voice screamed. A human voice! I whipped around, just in time to see a bright red flash of light. It happened too fast for me to react. But not too fast for Cassie.

"Tswee!" A wolf yelped in pain. Suddenly, she was lying in a pool of blood, right in front of me, having taken a shoot.

Yourâ€|momâ€|Go get her! She choked out with great effort, gurgling on her own blood with each frantic breath. NOW!

I turned and lumbered toward my mother. A Dracon beam shot past me, missing me by inches. NOOO! I screamed when it hit the edge of the cliff, where my mother was lying. That piece rock started to crumble into dust.

I increased my speed, determined to get to her. I had stood by and watched her the last time. I'm going to prevent that from happening again.

My mother screamed! I lunged! My hand closed around her right arm just in time. For a second she just dangled there, on the tightrope between life and death. She looked up at me. Her silky dark hair, which had come loose, whipped at her face.

"I love you, Marco." She whispered, her eyes shining as they looked into mine.

She remembered! It was like a blow had been delivered to my stomach.

I love you too. I said, my voice cracking. I had waited so long to tell you.

"Tsswee!"

Arrrrgh! I screamed when the Dracon beam made a neat, round hole in my side. Involuntarily I let go. I realized what I had done only until it was too late.

My mother was gone. Forever. This time, there would be no bug fighters. Only the sharp, jagged rocks below.

Mom! I screamed. Mom! No! Please nooooo!

NOOOOOOOO!

Chapter 6

I had her. I caught her. And then I had let her go because of my pain. I couldn't have felt worse if I had murdered her myself. I had opened my fist in a stupid reflex and she plunged down to her doom.

I just want to die. If that meant my mother would live again.

The others told me not to blame myself. I plan to do that for a long time. I want to hate myself. I want somebody to come by and punch me.

Marco the weak, foolish child that killed his own mother because he had let pain distract him. Serves me right.

The others whispered words of comfort uncomfortably. I didn't allow my tears to flow until I was home, back in my bed. I cried myself to sleep that night. And I dreamt.

My mother was there, with her hands resting lightly on my shoulder.

"I'm proud of you, Marco." She whispered.

"Butâ€|but you died. I let you die." I said in a trembling voice.

"Yes. But you tried. And remember, no matter what, I'll always be alive in your memories, in your dreams." She replied, looking deep into my eyes. "And perhapsâ€|just perhapsâ€|we would meet again, in reality, someday â€|"__

--

_ The End _

End
file.